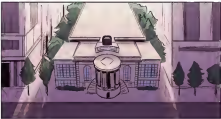




UNDER THE AEGIS

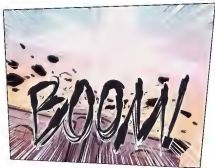
BY VIMEDDIEE





RUMBLE











MY SON...







WHAT WAS THAT?



YOUR FOREHEAD--!

THEY HAVE ONE TOO.





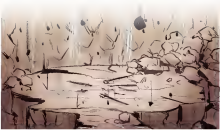
WE ALL HAVE ONE...



I FEEL—I FEEL...

...WHAT DOES
THIS MEAN..?







IT'S TIME YOU LEFT
THIS PLACE AS WELL

WHO ARE YOU?

CYRUS IS--?

THE MAGEIAN TRAITOR?
GONE. YOU SHOULD DO
THE SAME.



NOW THAT THE WELDERS
HAVE PAID THEIR DEBT.

AND EVEN SAW FIT
TO INCLUDE US .



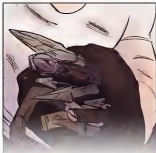
THERE IS NOTHING THAT BINDS
ANY OF US TO THIS PLACE

IT IS BUT A RISK

AND BETTER FORGOTTEN













I USUALLY WRITE DOWN MY WORRIES
BEFORE DOING SOMETHING IMPORTANT

BUT I ENDED UP WRITING TO YOU

I WISH I KNEW WHERE YOU WERE...

SHIRON TELLS ME THAT YOU'RE ALIVE,
AND THAT GIVES ME STRENGTH



I DON'T KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN
AFTER WE GET HER STAFF.

AND I'M SO SCARED OF NOT FINDING
YOU AND OF THE RITUAL HE MUST DO...



BUT I HAVE TO TRY... AND TRUST
THAT EVERYTHING WILL BE ALRIGHT

I JUST WISH YOU COULD BE HERE...
I NEED TO FOCUS ON TONIGHT'S MISSION



*BUT I CAN'T HELP THINKING ABOUT HOW
MUCH OF A FATHER YOU'VE BEEN TO ME...*



*AND I ONLY HOPE TO TELL YOU FACE-TO-FACE
HOW GRATEFUL I AM TO BE RELATED TO YOU...*

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE



I HAVE TO GO NOW

PLEASE HOLD ON FOR
A LITTLE LONGER



I CAN'T DO THIS, DEENA...





I CAN'T--

I'M HERE WITH YOU. ARGGS

I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE.



ONE WEEK LATER...

FIRSTLY, I WANT TO THANK
YOU ALL FOR COMING.



SECONDLY, I'D LIKE YOU TO IGNORE MY
POSITION IN THE SYNEDRION. I SPEAK
TO YOU TODAY AS A FELLOW HOURNER.



WE'RE ALL UNITED IN OUR GRIEF

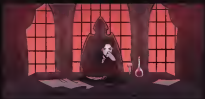
AND BY THE SACRIFICE OF SEVEN
YOUNG PEOPLE WHO PUT THEIR DUTY
AS WELDERS BEFORE THEMSELVES

WE OFTEN TAKE FOR GRANTED
THAT WE'RE BORN WITH THE
FREEDOM TO MAKE CHOICES.



WHAT WE WANT TO DO.

WHO WE WANT TO BE.



EVERY SINGLE WELDER WHO EVER LIVED
HAS BORN WITHOUT THAT FREEDOM...



AND EVERY SINGLE WELDER HAS GIVEN
THEIR LIFE FOR THIS WORLD AND THOSE
LIVING IN IT FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.



WE'VE BEEN SO BLINDED BY OUR
PREJUDICE, SELFISHNESS AND
PRIDE THAT WE FAILED TO REALIZE



JUST HOW MUCH HAD TO BE SACRIFICED
IN ORDER FOR US TO OPEN OUR EYES.



WELL, NOW THEY'RE OPEN.

AND THIS IS WHAT THEY'RE SEEING

A REMINDER OF HOW
CONNECTED WE ARE.





AND IT'S WHAT THE WELDERS
HAVE BEEN TRYING TO TELL
US FOR A LONG TIME.

THE POWER THAT NOW BINDS AND
STRENGTHENS US COMPELS EACH
AND EVERY PERSON TO HONOUR
THE WELDERS' LEGACY.



BECAUSE IT'S A GIFT.

COUNCILMAN ARGUS: WHERE WILL
THE SYNEDRION RE-LOCATE TO?

ANY PLANS TO REBUILD
OVER THE RITUAL SITE?

COUNCILMAN ARGUS!

WHO'LL REPLACE COUNCILWOMAN
ALLURA? HAVE YOU THOUGHT
ABOUT RUNNING YOURSELF?



COUNCILMAN ARGUS IS GRIEVING FOR HIS NIECE AND WON'T BE ANSWERING ANY MORE QUESTIONS.

THANKS FOR UNDERSTANDING.





THE CHATIKANS HAVE
ALREADY ARRIVED AND
THEY'RE WAITING FOR US.

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE









THE FIRST CONTACT WITH THE
CHATIKANS IN DECADES...

ONLY TO TELL THEM THEIR
WELDER WAS GONE.

IT WAS ONE OF THE HARDEST
THINGS I EVER HAD TO DO.



BECAUSE I COULD UNDERSTAND.

THE PEOPLE WANT ME TO
LEAD THE SYNEDRION.

A man in a purple robe stands in a cemetery at sunset, looking at a tombstone. The scene is filled with numerous tombstones of various shapes and sizes, some of which are partially obscured by the low sun. The sky is a deep orange and red, and the water in the background is dark and calm. The man is standing in the center of the frame, looking towards the right. A white line connects the first text box to the man, and another white line connects the second text box to the man.

AND AFTER THE TRUTH ABOUT ALLURA CAME
OUT, THEY WANT SOMEONE THEY CAN TRUST.

BUT THAT'S NOT ME. I'M A FAILURE.

AM I SELFISH FOR WISHING THE WIELDERS
HAD NEVER COMPLETED THE RITUAL?



JUST SO THEY COULD STILL BE HERE?

AND CYRUS...

I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF
HE MADE IT OUT ALIVE.

I SHOULD HATE HIM
FOR WHAT HE DID...

ESPECIALLY FOR SAVING MY LIFE

WHAT KIND OF EMPTY LIFE IS THIS,
WITH ALL OF MY FAMILY GONE?



IT HURTS SO MUCH, AGATHA...

PLEASE HELP ME
MAKE IT STOP...







...UNCLE ARGUS?